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RESUME OF LOURDES.

Brief Synopsis of the Portion of Zola's Great Story Which Has Been Published.

FIRST DAY. CHAPTER I.—The opening scene of "Lourdes," which was commenced in the "White Star" of April 15, is in a car of the "White Star" train, which carries the very sick pilgrims to the town of Lourdes. Among the pilgrims is Marie de Guerin, a young woman who has been blind since she was a child, accompanied by her father and the Abbé Pierre Fronton.

CHAPTER II.—The suffering in the train is intense when it stops at Pontiers half an hour for lunch. CHAPTER III.—As the train starts Sophie Cousteau gets in. She tells the story of the cure which she had received by the aid of the Virgin Mary at Lourdes. CHAPTER IV.—The suffering in the train is intense when it stops at Pontiers half an hour for lunch.

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astonished at all the luxury, the sort of tufted coffin of white silk in which the young woman reposed, herself dressed in a rose colored peignoir trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Her husband, in his frock coat and top hat, in a black gown of a simple yet marvelous elegance, stood beside her, while she, with her hands clasped in prayer, said a fervent prayer. When the priest got up M. Vigneron made room for him on the bench by his side. Then he questioned her.

"Well, curate, how about that poor young woman? Is she any better?" "Abbe Judine made a very sad motion. I was so filled with hope. He was I who decided her family to come. Two years ago the Holy Virgin worked such a miracle on my wife, that she was cured of her poor lost sight that I again trusted to receive a proof of grace. However, I will not be discouraged, we have until tomorrow."

Vigneron looked at the curate's face, whose pure oval and beautiful eyes were now completely destroyed, like lead, like a dead man's. "It is indeed very sad," he murmured. "If you only could have seen her last summer," resumed the priest. "Their country seat is in the country, very beautiful, very quiet. I cannot look at her elder sister, Mme. Jossier, without feeling sad—that lady over there dressed in black—for she looked so much better. The invalid was even prettier, one of the beauties of the town. Notice the brilliancy, compare that sovereign grace with that pitiful young creature. It breaks my heart and teaches us a lesson."

He paused a minute. The holy man was so natural, so without guile of any sort, nor was he at all affected by the sight of his wife, yet showing an innocent admiration for beauty, wealth, power, though he had covered none of them. Still, the curate's face was so full of sympathy, that it troubled his habitual serenity.

"I should have preferred to have her come here with all her apparent luxury, more than to see her here, in the midst of her poverty. But I can easily understand there are social obligations. Then, too, her husband and sister love her very much. They have left everything—his business, she her amusements—so completely overcome at the idea of losing her that they were prepared at any cost to have her here. I must excuse them for wanting her to look well up to her very last hour."

"The uncle gave an approving nod. Ah! not alone did the rich men profit at the grove. Servants, peasants, the poorest were here, too, and fine ladies hurried away with their illnesses unimpaired in spite of their rich presents and large candles that they had burned. And he could not but be struck by the curate's face, which, restored, was resting in a comfortable manner.

A murmur ran through the crowd, and M. Sabathier looked at the curate's face. "There is Father Massas going into the pulpit. He is a saint. Listen to him." He was known and admired for his appearance without any of the usual trappings of a subtle power. It was said that his fervor greatly aided the Virgin. He was supposed to have struck by tender voice, greatly beloved of the Virgin.

All heads were raised, and the emotion increased all the more when Father Fourcade was perceived at the foot of the pulpit, leaning on the shoulder of his well-loved brother, preferred before all others, and there he remained to listen to him. He had been up since the morning, and it required a vast amount of pluck to stand up there, smiling. The crowd looked at him with admiration, happy and he foretold prodigious, brilliant cures, to the glory of Mary and of Jesus.

Once in the pulpit, Father Massas did not say a word, but he looked at the curate, thin and pale, with an ascetic face, that his discolored beard made to look longer than it was. He looked at the curate and his large, eloquent lips quivered. "Lord, save us, for we perish!" And the crowd, carried away, repeated in a low voice, "Lord, save us, for we perish!"

He opened his arms, calling out his loud cry, as if to tear it from his hidden breast. "Lord, save us, for we perish!" "Lord, I, Thou wilt cure me. I am not worthy, O Lord, that Thou shouldst enter my house. Say but the word, and I shall be healed."

Baron Isidore had begun to talk in a low voice with Mme. Sabathier, near whom she had finally come to sit. They had become acquainted at the hospital, and the curate's face, so much suffering, the maid servant told the woman of higher life how greatly troubled she felt about her brother, for she had seen him at his last gasp. The Holy Virgin must have been a miracle that he had been brought alive to the grove.

In her resignation the poor, simple creature did not even shed a tear. But her heart was so full that her rare words seemed to come from the bottom of the earth. Her lessons swept over her, she broke her silence and derived some comfort in speaking. "We were fourteen at home, at Saint-Vincent near Valenciennes. It had been a very delicate, and for that reason he remained with our curate, who ended by placing him in the hospital. He was a very delicate child, and I preferred to enter service. A lady from Paris took me back with her five years ago. Ah, what trouble that was in life! Every one has so much trouble."

"You are right, my good girl," answered Mme. Sabathier looking at her husband, whose face expressed a mixture with devotion after Father Massas. "Then," continued Martha, "when I knew last month that Isidore had returned from the hospital, I was so glad that I went to see him, missionary, and had brought from there a fearful disease. Then when I hastened to see him he told me that unless he came at once to the Holy Virgin, that it was impossible to take the trip, because he had no one to accompany him. Then I had to go to Valenciennes, and I had to go to the Holy Virgin. You see, madame, I love him dearly, because when I was small he used to fetch me raspberries from the garden, and all the rest of them used to be for me."

She fell again into silence, her face drawn by sorrow, although no tears could flow from those sad eyes, but her heart was waiting. Only a few words came now. "Look at him, madame, is it not sad? Oh! my God, his poor cheeks, his poor chin, his poor face!" "It was, indeed, a sad sight. It sickened Mme. Sabathier to see Brother Isidore look so yellow, so gray and lean in his agony of death. Nothing was seen outside of the clothes but his clasped hands and his face, framed in long black hair; but if the waxen hands appeared again, dead, the long, thin fingers were no longer to be seen. The eyes were still alive; those eyes of inexhaustible love, whose fire was sufficient to lighten the dying face of the Virgin, the Virgin of the Cross. Never was greater contrast than that between the low peasant brow, the stupid and dull features, and the divine grace that shone in the eyes. The man, man, man, devastated, sanctified by suffering, rendered sublime in his last hour in the dying flame of his faith. It was annihilated, nothing was left but a regard, a transcendent light.

Ever since they had placed him there Brother Isidore had been a man, but now he was a statue of the Virgin. To him nothing else existed. He did not see the enormous crowd; he did not even hear the priest's cry filled with hope. He was with the people. Only his eyes were alive, and they were fixed on the Virgin, never more to be turned away. They were to be absorbed by her. His mouth opened for an instant, and an expression of celestial happiness, a breath of grace, a ray of light, more, his eyes remained wide open, obstinately gazing at the white statue. Several moments passed. Martha felt a cold shiver that ran to her very marrow. "Oh, say, Madame, look!"

Over anxious Mme. Sabathier pretended not to understand. "What is it my good girl?" "Look, my brother, look! He does not move. He has opened his mouth, and since then he has not moved. He is so dead. Both of them shuddered in the certainty that he was dead. He had passed away without a word, without a groan, and all life had gone out through a look, by means of his passionate gaze filled with love. He had looked long at the Virgin, and nothing could have been such a blessing as he continued to gaze with his dead eyes as though with ineffable bliss. "Thou hast done well," murmured Mme. Sabathier. "Then we will know for sure." Martha had risen, and leaning so that she might not be noticed, she tried to close the eyes with a trembling finger. But each

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